

The Historie of

O, the diuell take such coofeners, God forgie me,
Good vncke tell your tale, I haue done.

Wor: Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
We will stay your leisure.

Hot: I haue done yfaith.

Wor: Then once more to your Scottish prisoners,
Deliver them vp, without their ranfome strait,
And make the *Douglas* sonne your onely meane
For powers in *Scotland*, which for diuers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assurde
Will easely be granted you, my lord.
Your sonne in *Scotland* being thus employed,
Shall secretly into the bosome creepe
Of that same noble Prelate welbelu'd,
The Archbishop.

Hot-spurre Of *Yorke*, is it not?

Wor: True, who beares hard
His brothers death at *Bristow* the lord *Scroope*:
I speake not this in estimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,
And onely stayes but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot-spurre I smell it. Vpon my life it will doe well.

Nor: Before the game is afoot, thou still letst slip.

Hot-spurre Why it cannot choose but be a noble plot,
And then the power of *Scotland* and of *Yorke*,
To ioyne with *Mortimer*, ha.

Wor: And so they shall.

Hot-spurre In faith it is exceedingly well aimed.

Wor: And tis no little reason bids vs speede,
To saue our heads, by raising of a head:
For, beare our selues as euill as we can,
The king will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke we thinke our selues vsatisfide,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And see already, how he doth beginne
To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue.

Henry the fourth.

Hot. He does, he does, wee be reueng'd on him.

Wor. Coofish, farewell. No further go in this,
Then I by letters shall direct your course
When time is ripe, which will be suddenly:
He steale to *Glendower*, and loe, *Mortimer*,
Where you and *Douglas*, and our powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meete,
To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,
Which now we hold at much vncertaintie.

Nor. Farewell good brother, we shall thrive, I trust.

Hot. Vncke adieu: O let the houres be short,
Till fields, and Blowes, and grones applaud our sport, *Exeunt.*

Enter a Carrier with a lanterne in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho. An it be not foure by the day, He be hangd,
Charles waine is ouer the new chimney, and yet our horse not
packt. What Ostler.

Ost. Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I prethee Tom, beat cuts saddle, put a few flocks in the
point, poore iade is wrung in the withers, out of all cesse.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Pease and beanes are as danke here as a dog, and that
is the next way to giue poore iades the bots: this house is turned
vp side downe since Robin Ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poore fellow neuer ioyed since the price of oates rose,
it was the death of him,

2 *Car.* I thinke this be the most villanous house in all *Lon-*
don roade for fleas, I am stung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the masse there is nere a king chris-
ten could be better bit, then I haue bene since the first cocke.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow vs nere a iordane, and then we
leake in your chimney, and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like
a loach.

1 *Car.* What Ostler, come away, and be hangd, come away.

2 *Car.* I haue a gammon of Bacon, and two razes of ginger,
to be deliuered as far as *Charing Crosse*.

1 *Car.* Gods body, the Turkies in my Panier are quite star-
ued: what Ostler? a plague on thee, hast thou neuer an eye in thy
head? canst not heare, and t were not as good deede as drinke to
C 2
break